

# The TATLER

Vol. GLXIX. No. 2301

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
September 1, 1943



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION  
IN THE  
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# THE TATLER

## and BYSTANDER

Price:

One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXIX. No. 2201

LONDON

SEPTEMBER 1, 1943

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Yevonde

### To Go to Bermuda: Lady Burghley

The Colonial Office recently announced the appointment of Lord Burghley, M.P., as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda, in succession to Viscount Knollys. Since 1942 he has been Controller of Overseas Supplies and Aircraft Repairs in the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Lady Burghley was Lady Mary Theresa Montagu-Douglas-Scott before her marriage to the Marquess of Exeter's elder son in 1929. She is the fourth daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch, and a younger sister of the Duchess of Gloucester. Lord Burghley is a famous hurdler and several times represented this country at the Olympic Games. He has been Conservative M.P. for Peterborough since 1931, and his new appointment will lead to a by-election in that constituency. Lord and Lady Burghley have three daughters





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Action

**T**HE Declaration of Quebec, issued by the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt, may have been disappointing to many people after the limelight which had been allowed to shine so fiercely on the Allied deliberations. But what more could be expected than a reassertion of determination to beat down the Axis enemies one after the other? Obviously the words in the Declaration are intended to hide the actual plans of forthcoming action. Neither the Prime Minister nor President Roosevelt, nor the Chiefs of Staff and their officials, can meet without improving, altering and probably advancing the timing of their operations.

Mr. Churchill gave the impression that the Pacific had occupied a lot of their attention. Acute-minded people, who are ready to detach themselves from any of the political implications of this statement, must see a clear sign of the progress of the war in this. If the Pacific war now looms large in the minds of the Chiefs of Staff, the war in Europe must be going very well indeed, and few fresh plans are needed to advance the eventual day of victory. This, of course, is largely an assumption. But knowing Mr. Churchill's view that Germany must be crushed first, in which President Roosevelt has always concurred, there is ample support for making this assumption. In addition, Mr. Churchill did not attempt to hide from newspaper correspondents that action is pending in Europe.

## Blows

**P**ROFAGANDISTS have accustomed us to think of the final offensive against Germany on the Continent as a second front involving the use of vast numbers of men, tanks and guns. Organisation of an offensive of this nature, probably at more than one point, requires

time. Ships have to be prepared and assembled, manned and loaded. All the important details, many of them trifling, have to be settled quite a long time in advance, and while these are gradually taking shape events are moving. This is precisely what happened in the Sicilian campaign. With great care everything was prepared to ensure success. But success came more easily and certainly more quickly than was ever expected. The result was a lull. Many people, including those who might be called experts, have grown impatient at this lull, and have started to argue about the fundamental causes. The fact is that Britain lives and succeeds by her sea power. Unlike any of the continental countries, she cannot suddenly assemble her armies and quickly switch them from one sector to another. They must be transported by sea. This is a problem which we can rest assured has not escaped the concentrated attention of those responsible for conducting the war.

Events are moving quicker than we can move our armies. But we have a weapon which is both rapid and efficient. This is the Royal Air Force, which has taken the British bombing offensive into the very heart of the enemy's country. It would not surprise me, indeed all the indications point to it, if at the Quebec Conference it was decided to intensify the air bombardment of Germany by day and night as the best means of catching up with events in Germany itself. The fall of Kharkov was followed immediately by the bombing of Berlin. This must have been much more salutary to the Germans than if the fall of Kharkov had been accompanied by a landing of an army many hundreds of miles from their capital. The landing on the Continent of men and tanks must come soon, but Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris has undoubtedly proved that he holds the



## A King Sees His Caravan

King George of Greece, with Brigadier White and a major, visited a base workshop to inspect a caravan built for him by the R.E.M.E. and Greek civilian employees. General Alexander already uses a caravan as his North African headquarters

master key which will unlock the door to victory. While the Russians, with skill and bravery, decimate German soldiers and their satellite troops, and maul Germany's proud military organisation, it is Sir Arthur Harris who has organised the most effective and alarming second front the Germans have ever faced.

But events are moving quickly. . . . The time comes when the inventiveness of men at bay finds some way of off-setting the offensive power of any one weapon by new means of defence. This is just common sense, and the Germans do not hide the fact that they are hoping to find a means of hindering the horrible efficiency of our bombers. Before they succeed we must obtain the full value of the superiority we hold at the moment. We must smash the organisation behind the walls of the Fortress of Europe before we attempt to scale the walls themselves; which are so strongly



## Mrs. Randolph Churchill Meets Flag Sellers

Some 25,000 volunteers helped to sell flags last week for Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Flag Day. Amongst those who toured the London depots was Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who is seen here shaking hands with a nurse at Chelsea Town Hall. In the centre is Lady Limerick



## At a Bomber Command Opening Ceremony

A new information room for all ranks was recently opened by Air Chief Commandant K. J. Trefusis Forbes, C.B.E., at a Bomber Command H.Q. Above: L/A. B. Quihampton, librarian; W/Cdr. Whitley, M.A., education officer; Air Chief Commandant Trefusis Forbes, Director of the WAAF; Group Officer L. M. Crowther, O.B.E.; and S/O. McMichael





### Watching Anti-U-Boat Exercises

Capt. A. J. Baker Cresswell, D.S.O., R.N., Escort Training Captain, Western Approaches, is seen here with Admiral Sir Max K. Horton, K.C.B., D.S.O., C-in-C Western Approaches, watching Escort Group exercises from H.M.S. Philante

defended at the most vital points. This is the lesson, but we must wait and see if the results which flow from the Quebec Conference prove how well it has been learned.

### Interview

IT WAS the intention of Mr. Churchill when he left London to find an opportunity for a short rest somewhere in Canada where he could paint and relax. But it does not seem likely that he will be able to spend more than a few days away from the Conference table and eventually his desk in Downing Street. Reports from Quebec say that at the end of the conference he was looking tired and in need of a rest. He is fortunate, however, in his recuperative powers, which enable him quickly to regain his vitality and freshness.

No man—not even Hitler—has borne such a strain as Mr. Churchill. Hitler, until now, always had the prospect of victory beckoning him on. When Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister his first responsibility was to defy the spectre of defeat, and plan for a victory which at times must have seemed no more substantial than a mirage in the desert. Now it is Hitler who must bear the burden of oncoming defeat.

### Manœuvre

THERE may be more than meets the eye in the appointment of Himmler as Minister of the Interior in Germany. As I pointed out last week he is the one Nazi who was anxious to come to terms with Russia. The first overture was made as long ago as last March. The Germans are said to have then made a direct approach for an armistice. When the Russians ignored this advance, Himmler is reputed to have argued that it might be more advantageous if the Nazi Party adopted a more conscious Left-wing political policy. He argued that if the Nazi Party were more pronounced Socialists they might have a chance of doing a deal with the Russians at some later time. Obviously this was a criticism of the extreme Right-wing group led by Goering. But though the Nazis persisted in searching for peace with the Russians they failed to make any impression. The Russians were not going to be caught in any Nazi trap, and therefore we can assume Marshal Stalin's brilliant summer offensive was undertaken with full knowledge of the cost if it failed, and also of the great

gain if it succeeded, as it has up to this point.

Hitler has given Himmler the fullest powers to organise the home front in Germany, which means that the head of the Gestapo must take precedence over all other ministers. In the last resort even the generals will have to listen to Himmler, which shows what a position he is going to occupy in the immediate future, particularly when one takes into account his earlier ambition to make peace with Russia.

### Implication

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is back in London after talking to General Franco. More than usual significance has been accorded to what would be a normal contact between an ambassador and the head of the Government of the country to which he is accredited. Simultaneously there has been a change in the tone of newspaper comments in Spain about the Allied war successes. Only Sir Samuel Hoare can properly contrast this change with the attitude of the Spanish leaders and newspapers when he went to Madrid nearly three years ago. Sir Samuel then lived in difficult days when it was not easy to meet the Spanish leaders and talk to them in the hope of convincing them that eventually the democracies would triumph.

But Sir Samuel has great powers of resistance as well as persistence. He never allowed himself to be put out of countenance by prevailing Spanish policies, or the many indignities the Germans in Spain, as well as the Italians, tried to impose on him and the

country he represented. In these circumstances his talk with General Franco must have been very interesting. The impression is given that Sir Samuel adopted his usual friendly tone but on this occasion he was equally very firm in his assertions. Again we see how personalities change places as the war progresses. At the war's beginning it was General Franco who adopted firm tones, and Sir Samuel Hoare had to listen. Now Sir Samuel Hoare is able to assert himself, and General Franco must listen.

### Bermuda

THE appointment of Lord Burghley as Governor of Bermuda is no surprise to his friends. At thirty-eight this former Olympic hurdler has shown sound administrative ability allied with youthful enthusiasm and unbounding energy. Bermuda is no longer a playground in the sunshine. It has become, and will further develop into one of the most important air junctions in the world. It will be a key point of contact between British and American interests. Lord Burghley has never been a voluble politician. He has always preferred actions to words, and since the early days of the war has worked hard in the war productions ministries, first in the Ministry of Supply and latterly in that of Aircraft Production, where he has been Controller of Overseas Supplies and Aircraft Repairs. This post has brought him into close contact with leading men in America, and his experience thus gained will be of the greatest value in a post which is no longer a sinecure.



### In Quebec: President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill Meet Again

This picture was taken on the terrace of the Citadel, the ancient fort where the Governor-General of Canada's summer residence is situated. Behind is the Chateau Frontenac, where the Allied discussions took place. Seated are Mr. Mackenzie King, the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada, President Roosevelt, the Countess of Athlone and Mr. Winston Churchill



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Romance à la Russe

By James Agate

**S**TILL glowing from the banquet given to Sir Pelham Warner I turn to consideration of *Masquerade* at the delightful little Tatler Theatre. Since all little theatres hate to be called little, I hasten to say that I shall be willing to substitute medium-sized or any word from bijou to colossal which the courteous management prefers. But to return to *Masquerade*.

**E**VERY country is fated at some time during its history to make a hero of somebody the average English schoolboy and master of the straight bat would call "an awful ass." Adding "he's an awfully decent fellow, really." The hero may be an actual man, or a character in a novel, or even an attitude of mind. A hundred years ago the French were drenching themselves with the romantic poetry of Alfred de Musset; willowy young men could be seen walking the boulevards weeping like anything. Sixty years before this Germany had had the epidemic, and had it worse. That solemn ass, Oscar Browning, had still wit enough to write of Goethe's *Werther* "It was printed, imitated, translated into every language in Europe, criticised in every periodical, with the fullest meed of praise or scorn. It made the round of the world, and penetrated even to China. The *Werther* fever wrung the hearts of men and women with imaginary sorrows; floods of tears were shed; young men dressed in blue coats and yellow breeches shot themselves with *Werther* in their hands."

Hastily one might say their descendants are suffering from this fever—with this difference, that it takes the form of dressing up in black shirts and with *Mein Kampf* in their hands shooting everybody who doesn't agree with them. Even more hastily one asks whether the English could go about saying: "Hail, Higginbottom!" And then, with a pang, one remembers the author of *Manfred* and *Childe Harold*, of whom it might be said that whereas Byron was the last person to be called an ass, Byronism is the first word in asininity.

Always, of course, in the schoolboy sense. Byron shrouding himself in dudgeon, flaunting his profile and collars, rushing off to Greece because he had made England too hot to hold him and was tired of Italy; endowed with the twin flame of genius and a more than Skewtonian vanity—here was someone whom Kipling's *Stalky* would have seized on as "a Flopshus Cad, an Outrageous Stinker and a Jelly-bellied Flag-flapper."

**S**TILL sticking to schoolboy phraseology, one would not hesitate to describe the Russian poet Lermontov as a jackass—the worst sort of jackass, the weeping sort. The sort which, having crammed himself with Byron and Lamartine, must needs fight a duel having purposely selected the edge of a precipice, so that whichever combatant was wounded should fall to his death. Really, one has grave doubts whether even Beetle's muse could have risen to these long-eared heights.

*Masquerade*, adapted from Lermontov, is all about a Russian Prince who is steeped in Pushkin, soused in Goethe and saturated in Byron. Apparently he has not dipped into Shakespeare, certainly not into *Othello*; for, if he had, he would know that bracelets are at least as peripatetic as handkerchiefs. And if he were not a Russian Prince of the romantic period he would realise that when his pretty young wife says she has lost her bracelet at a ball, it is at least fifty-fifty that she is speaking the truth. Only the dim-witted Desdemona—never mind the strength of mind which made her marry a blackamoör; Shakespeare found this in the original story and was too lazy to alter it—only a prize ninny would be such a fool as to bestow bracelets when she has been categorically told by her husband that at a handshake a tenth part of a second too long he will "chop her into messes." And the young woman in this film gives me the impression of being entirely sensible.

No, the film is gloomy, sulphurous, eruptive and volcanic because that was the way Russian poets were thinking a hundred years ago. There is a good deal in it about demonism, good and evil genius, and a lot of tarradiddlestums which probably only Russians and our own unwashed Bloomsbury poets will understand. The principal rôle is brilliantly filled by a fine actor who, however, pulled as many faces as though he were playing all three parts of Schiller's *Wallenstein* at once. As for the young actress who plays the Russian Desdemona, I can only say that she takes all our Kensington chits calling themselves film-stars, puts them to bed, tucks them in, and then starts on her own moving, graceful, and at all times intelligent performance.

"*Non*," said Francisque Sarcy many years ago, "*qui n'a pas vu Talbot dans Thérèse n'a rien vu*." Similarly I shall say that whoever has not seen Aubrey Smith shed tears in "glorious," or is it "ravishing," Technicolor ain't seen nuthin'! And the camels! And the English soldiery! And the poor black devils pulling the boats up the Nile! Well, *The Four Feathers* (Empire) was always an excellent picture, and it is still tops in the schoolboy class. In other words, Harry Faversham, Captain John Durrance, Lieutenant Wiloughby and Peter Burroughs are all fearful asses, though jolly decent chaps, really. Somebody has gone over the old film with a child's box of paints, and now I suppose there is nothing more the cinema can do with it except reproduce it in silent form!!! After which, perhaps, the B.B.C. might take a hand and broadcast it. And then there remains nothing except to put it on the stage, say at some empty, unlucky theatre, with a vast expenditure of cardboard and lots and lots of sand at which we shall laugh like anything. Extraordinary thought! Why not have another look at Mason's novel?

**T**HE accompanying M.O.I. film, *Before the Raid*, is moving, intelligent and entirely adult. What marvellous actors these amateurs are! This time they happen to be Norwegian, but the same appears to hold good of amateurs of any country. Whereby I make M-G-M the present of a valuable suggestion. This is, that from to-day on they should never again engage a professional actor.



"The Four Feathers"—A British Revival

John Clements and C. Aubrey Smith appear as Harry Faversham and General Burroughs in Alexander Korda's production of "The Four Feathers." The film, re-dressed in Technicolor, is revived at the Empire. "It is still tops in the schoolboy class," says James Agate above



"Masquerade"—A Russian Tragedy (Tatler)

Two well-known Russian artists, Nikolai Mordvinov and Tamara Makarova, appear in "Masquerade." Based on the poetry of Lermontov, it tells of the intrigues and manners of the decadent society of St. Petersburg in the early part of the nineteenth century



## "Watch On The Rhine"

Bette Davis in the Screen Version of Lillian Hellman's Broadway and London Success



Sara and Kurt Muller with their three children arrive in Washington from war-oppressed Europe to visit Fanny Farrelly, Sara's mother. They are met at the station by David, Sara's brother (Donald Woods, Bette Davis, Paul Lukas, Janis Wilson, Donald Buka, Eric Roberts)



Staying at the Farrelly home are Count Teck de Brancovis, a jealous, financially embarrassed, ex-Rumanian diplomat and his American-born wife. Teck loses money playing poker at the German Embassy and is advised to employ his time usefully in the service of the Nazi Government (George Coulouris and Geraldine Fitzgerald)



Fanny and David Farrelly are horrified at the change in Sara. She tells them that Kurt works in an illegal organisation sworn to oppose Fascism; he is a hunted man and often the family have gone hungry in hiding (Bette Davis, Donald Woods and Lucile Watson)



Teck finds out the truth about Kurt. He demands 10,000 dollars from the Farrellys to protect him from the Nazis. Kurt appears to accept his terms, then, seizing a moment's advantage, produces a pistol and kills him (George Coulouris, Paul Lukas, Bette Davis)



Kurt explains to the Farrellys why it was necessary for him to kill Teck. He asks them to give him two days' start so that he may get back to his work in Germany. They agree and once again Kurt bids his wife and children good-bye and sets out on the dangerous work his conscience dictates (Bette Davis, Paul Lukas)



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Sunny River (Palace)

THIS American musical play is *Show Boat* in type and displacement. Its plot, like that of its famous predecessor, is period pastiche, in which true but ill-starred love runs its troubled course through Bohemian scenery. Opening leisurely with song and dance (presumably to give the local colour of New Orleans, circa 1806, time to dry) it develops complications rather than speed, and closes, ten years later, with what our parents might have thought an artistic, but unhappy, ending. It begs the old question: "Should musical comedy be burdened with serious plots?" but, unlike that companion riddle: "Should Principal Boys be girls?" (triumphantly answered in the affirmative by Miss Fay Compton last Christmas) it leaves the question moot. During the first act one feels inclined to say that *Sunny River* is a bit too plotty; at least for playgoers who, justly addicted to stargazing, may fail, until the interval allows reflection, to see the wood for the trees.

IN the somewhat leisurely introduction we meet the hero, Mr. Dennis Noble, and learn from him that he loves the beautiful heroine we are to meet in the next scene. His description of her is heartfelt, lyrical, and extravagant; and it is fulfilled in the person, and with the arts and graces, of Miss Evelyn Laye. We also meet Lolita, hostess of the Café des Oléandres, who, we are delighted to discover, is none other than our old friend, Miss Edith Day. We also get welcome glimpses of Mr. Bertram Wallis. So that, even if the story these stars adorn should seem to dally in somewhat prosy byways, the stars themselves make the ramble pleasing.

Not that the story is discouragingly novel. Many a heroine, before Marie, has been induced by a plot to put all her romantic eggs into one basket, and to entrust that basket to a lover, the consummation of whose ardent hopes, like that of her own, the same plot callously

defers. Though when such postponements occur in musical comedy, the final curtain seldom descends until fond hearts are happily, if abruptly, united.

Marie, however, is different. Having plighted her troth at what is practically first sight, she goes from America to Paris to have a promising singing voice properly trained, and to become a Queen of Song. Moreover, she remains faithful to her troth, but he, alas! does not. And when she eventually returns to America, he has been for five years married to another, and, if not ideally happy, is not really miserable. True, his wife had won him by ways that were dubious, and means that placed him in the super-tax class. And since she is played

by Miss Ena Burrill, none of the pathetic complications lack bite or authority.

TO the professional playgoer there is never-failing interest in watching good actors at work. That interest, at times, may be almost independent of the play itself. And while it is not the case here, this well-staged show owes much to its brilliant executives. They are a first-rate team. I have never seen Miss Laye in more gracious form and good looks, or heard her in better voice. She does musical justice to the lyrics, and she never mumbles a line. Mr. Noble sings with dædalian ease, and acts with élan. Miss Day—bless her!—brings down the house (three times running on the first night) with a kind of daughter-ditty to "Old Man River," and is always her warm-hearted self.

As the treacherous intervener between two fond lovers, Miss Ena Burrill is sharply in period both in her acting style and Empire upholstery. She brings a cutting edge to her impersonation of a difficult, because unsympathetic, character, and endows it with almost Brontësque desperation and eventual pathos. Mr. Wallis has little to do, but does it with imperturbable distinction, and wears his clothes with a Beau Brummell flair.

Three or four of the other players deserve special mention in these brief dispatches: Mr. Don Avory for his delightful study of young manhood in quest of the facts of life, to which, when found, he applies so jocund a humour; Miss Marion Wilson for her neat and lively instruction in the aforesaid facts; Miss Edna Proud for her blithe blending of the mouse and canary who eventually capture the cat; and Mr. Bernard Ansell for his telling cadenza as a bibulous philosopher, which is of such value to the penultimate scene.

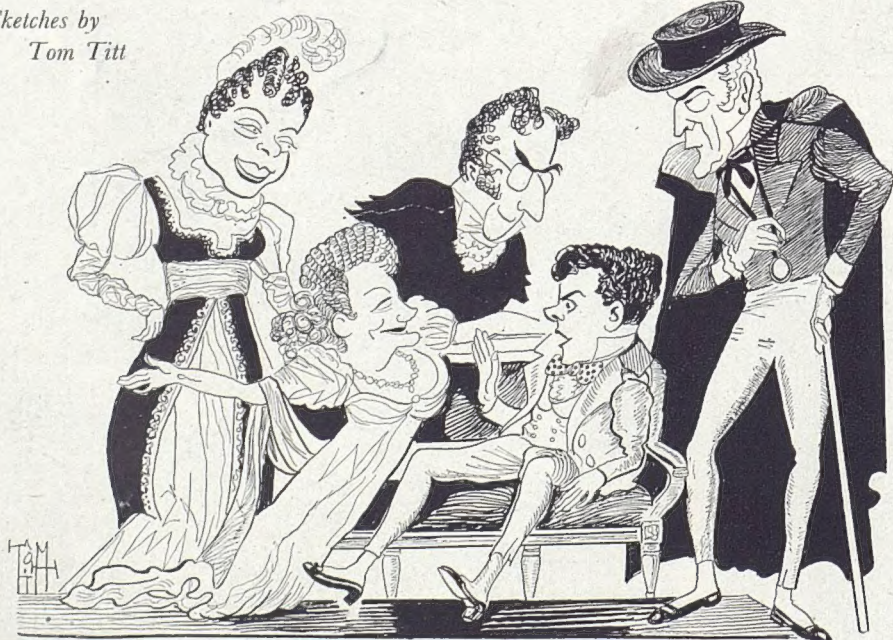
The outstanding melodies are as readily memorised as sweet; Miss Doris Zinkeisen's scenery and costumes, with their occasional Cruickshank note, are commendably professional; and if the show itself is somewhat less than a consort to *Show Boat*, it is considerably more than a dinghy.



As "an unidentified gentleman who has been drinking" Bernard Ansell gives a really funny performance

Left: A man, his mistress and his wife (Dennis Noble, Evelyn Laye, Ena Burrill)

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



In the patio of the Café des Oléandres, young bloods of New Orleans are initiated into the gentle art of making love (Edith Day, Marion Wilson, Kenneth Blain, Don Avory, Bertram Wallis)





John Vickers

## Brighton, 1880 : "Pink String and Sealing Wax"

Intrigue! Poison! Murder! Against a background of domestic comedy in a typical Victorian household, Alec L. Rea and E. P. Clift present Roland Pertwee's new play, *Pink String and Sealing Wax*, at the Duke of York's Theatre to-night. As the title suggests, the play, which is directed by William Armstrong, tells the story of a Brighton chemist and analyst, one Edward Strachan, and his ill-fated attempts to dominate the lives of his wife and children. The family portrait shows Dorothy Hyson as Emily, Philip Friend as Albert and Audrey Hesketh as Jessie (standing), Iris Hoey as Mrs. Strachan, David Horne as Mr. Strachan (sitting) and Margaret Barton as Eva (kneeling)



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### In London Now

SURELY never before can August have brought so many visitors to London town. Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly and the Strand swarm with people—men, women and children. Every Allied nationality is represented—or so it seems. There are queues at every bus stop; queues at every theatre booking-office by ten o'clock in the morning. Where they all come from, where they lay their heads at night, remains a mystery. The streets of London look more like the streets of a prosperous rural town on market day than anything else. Every day and every night people are turned away from picture-houses and restaurants by the hundred. More and more of the real Londoners are eating in the open, handing over their accustomed seats in restaurants and eating-houses to the visitors. They carry their packets of food with them to their work in the mornings and eat sitting in the parks, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the steps of St. Paul's or the National Gallery—anywhere, in fact, where the sun penetrates. Stay-at-home holidays have taught Londoners that part of every day can be a holiday if advantage is taken of all the green, open spaces in this wonderful city. Most of them are realising for the first time how many of the best things in life are free—even in London.

### Away From It All

AMONG the fortunate ones who are having a short holiday are Mrs. Churchill and her youngest daughter, Mary, who are with the Prime Minister in Canada. They have spent a lot of their time sightseeing, taking Mr. Churchill with them whenever it has been possible. Mrs. Churchill and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, wife of the Governor-General, have been friends for many years, and there have been quite a number of informal, happy parties.

Only now, by the way, can a story with a true Churchillian flavour concerning the Premier's first trip across the Atlantic be told. He crossed the Atlantic on that occasion in the battleship H.M.S. *Duke of York*. A terrible gale was blowing all the way across, making life thoroughly uncomfortable for everyone on board. But it takes more than a gale and its

discomfort to deter Mr. Churchill. There was work to be done. The P.M. inspected the ship. He found that the Warrant Officers' Mess was suffering least from the rolling, pitching and other contortions of the great battleship. With the permission of the Mess President, Mr. Churchill and his staff moved in. In next to no time the Mess had been re-christened. It was known as No. 10. Before Mr. Churchill left the ship he gave his formal blessing to the new name. A metal figure ten, as nearly as possible a replica of the number-plate in Downing Street, was cast by one of the ship's company and screwed on, and to this day the Warrant Officers' Mess in H.M.S. *Duke of York* is known to everyone aboard as "Number Ten."

### In the Navy

TWO members of the Duke of Buccleuch's family are in the Navy—his son, the Earl of Dalkeith, who looks very handsome in his "bell bottoms," and his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Scott, who will be twenty-one this year and is in the W.R.N.S. Lord Dalkeith is at sea and has been in action; his sister is equally thrilled with a new appointment to which she has just been posted, so there is much friendly rivalry in the family, and a lot of "naval talk" when the two of them are at home together on leave. Lady Elizabeth is a good-looking blonde like her mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch. The Duchess herself played an important part in a naval occasion only recently. Supported by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir William Darling, who made a brilliant extempore speech, she launched one of the latest additions to our fleet. The Duchess must be one of the busiest women in Dumfriesshire. She is President of a Comforts Fund which bears her name, and is also W.V.S. County Organiser for that part of Scotland. Drumlanrig Castle is being used for a girls' school, and the youngest member of the family, Lady Caroline Scott, is having her schooling there. There is still, however, room in the Castle for entertaining, and only a short time ago an American colonel, a Polish airman and a French sailor were visitors.

Another member of the W.R.N.S. who is taking up a new appointment is Lady Evelyn



### A Group at Curraghmore

This picture was taken at the Marquess of Waterford's home in Co. Waterford. Behind: Lord Dunraven, Miss Clodagh Anson, Lady Waterford, Lady Dunalley and M. Tachaberry. In front: Lord Patrick Beresford and Lord Waterford

Francis Drummond, wife of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Edmund Drummond, and a sister of the Marquess of Ormonde. Lady Evelyn has been promoted to Acting Chief Officer. The Drummonds are another naval family, for their son, James, is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He has been serving with submarine patrols and has been mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.C.

### Inspection Tour

LADY BEATTY, the American-born wife of Lt.-Cdr. Earl Beatty, has been touring Liverpool and the surrounding districts in connection with her work as Deputy Chairman of the Bundles for Britain Committee. This isn't Lady Beatty's only war work. She is supervisor of the Information Bureau of the Washington Club, and is to be found there most days. Mrs. Fiske, the former Lady Warwick, works there with her; so does Lady Strathallan (the former Nancy Fincke, of New



### Three Royal First-Nighters

King Peter of Yugoslavia and his fiancée, Princess Alexandra of Greece, were with Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands at the Piccadilly Theatre on the opening night of "Sunny River." Prince Bernhard, who is an air-commodore in the R.A.F., flew to Ottawa last June, to attend the christening of his third daughter



### Dining à Deux in London

Lady Moyra Forester was the guest of Lt. William Talbot Agar one night at "Quags." She is the wife of Lt. C. R. C. Weld-Forester, Rifle Brigade, who was taken prisoner in 1940, and is the Marquess of Ormonde's only daughter. Her father, formerly Lord Ossory, succeeded his father in July





**Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oppenheim**

Mr. Charles Oppenheim, only son of the late Col. L. C. F. Oppenheim, C.M.G., and Mrs. Oppenheim, of Wimbold Lodge, Newbury, married Miss Isobel Vivian Harkness Dautesey, second daughter of the late Lt.-Col. W. B. Harkness Dautesey and Mrs. Dautesey, of Lovell's Court, Marnhull, Dorset, at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



**Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Bolton**

Mr. Vernon Hay Bolton, only son of Dr. and Mrs. N. Hay Bolton, of West House, Wrotham, Kent, and Miss Alison Dunbar, younger daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Dunbar, of 1, Arlington House, S.W., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bride's father is Controller General at the Ministry of Aircraft Production

York City) and another member of the Bundles for Britain executive.

Lady Beatty has at last got settled into her new flat in Berkeley Square. It is a pent-house, on the same principle as Lady Louis Mountbatten's, which is on the top floors of Brook House and is most attractive. The drawing-room carpets are a fresh young green, with covers of white linen imprinted with bright green leaves, its windows opening out on to a terrace, where Lady Beatty has already installed a "hedge" of laurels in pots. There is a bedroom, each with its own bathroom, for her two sons, who are still at Eton. Her own room is enchanting, with walls and ceiling in gleaming shell-pink, with draped and frilled curtains of ninon.

#### Robbery

ANOTHER American-born wife of a British peer with a home in London is Lady Barnby. Her flat in Grosvenor Square was burgled a short

time ago, and it seems that there is little or no hope now of her getting back any of the things which were taken. The burglars broke off the hinges of the kitchen door and got in that way, stealing, among other things, the beautiful mink coat which came from New York as a wedding present from Lady Barnby's mother, when they were married three years ago. The thieves took everything they could lay their hands on, rifling drawers and cupboards. How they managed to get away unnoticed from a third-floor flat with all their loot remains a mystery. Lady Barnby is now living at what she calls her week-end home at Walton-on-Thames. The house is appropriately named "Wall Garden." Just now peaches and nectarines are ripening on the walls. This has been a wonderful fruit season and a great deal of the fruit is being bottled. Later, Lord and Lady Barnby will be going to Scotland for a very short holiday. Lord Barnby is a busy man. Besides being

the Chairman of Simpson's of Piccadilly (his father, the first Baron, was Chairman of Francis Wiley of Bradford), he is on the Wool Exchange and is a regular attendant at the sittings of the Lords.

#### Ball at the Dorchester

WIFE of the American Ambassador, Mrs. John Winant, is acting as co-chairman with Mrs. Gordon Moore of a ball which is to be held at the Dorchester early in October to raise funds for the rebuilding of the St. Alban's Social Centre, which suffered badly in one of the big blitzes. Mrs. Winant is a charming speaker. She has always taken a great interest in the Centre, even before she came to London as American Ambassador, and, in conjunction with Lady Hollenden, she will receive the guests at the Ball. Her son, twenty-one-year-old 2nd Lt. John G. Winant, Junr., is now

(Concluded on page 280)



**Backs to the Wall at the Meurice**

Two couples at adjoining tables were Princess Natasha Bagration with Mr. A. Cullen, of the Argentine Embassy, and Mr. Anthony Nutting, son of Sir Harold Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, with his wife, the former Gillian Strutt. Mr. Nutting was invalided out of the Army in 1940, and is now in the Foreign Office



**After Dinner Conversation**

Two people dining at the Bagatelle were Mrs. John Henderson and Capt. Alastair Stewart. He is in the Welsh Guards, and was promoted on the field for exceptional bravery; he was on leave after being wounded



# In the Theatre and At Home

Mona Inglesby: Choreographer and Dancer,  
Director of 'The International Ballet Company



Mona Inglesby is partnered by Henry Danton in "Les Sylphides," one of the classical ballets included in the repertoire of the International Ballet Company. Decor is by Rex Whistler



Costumes for Mona Inglesby's latest ballet "Everyman" were designed by William Chappell

At twenty-five, Mona Inglesby is the principal ballerina and director of the International Ballet Company, which last week completed another successful London season at the Lyric Theatre. Trained in the classical traditions of the old Russian school under Legat, Egorova, Kshesinskaya and Idzikowski (who is now the company's maitre de ballet), Mona Inglesby danced for a season with de Basil's Ballet Russe at Covent Garden. The International Company came into being nearly three years ago, and now includes in its repertoire such famous classical ballets as *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Giselle* and *Les Sylphides*. The Company's latest production, *Everyman*, produced by Leslie French with Mona Inglesby's choreography, has aroused widespread interest and some controversy



Mona has her hands full when she sets out for her daily studio practice each morning





Mona Inglesby's two golden retrievers, "Copper" and "Crocus," are well known in Kensington Gardens

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Ballet shoes wear out quickly and are not easy to replace these days. Mona believes in the old stitch-in-time theory



When not dancing, directing or discussing ballet, Mona Inglesby reads about it. Ballet is her life and her thoughts are seldom away from it



Mr. Ernest Irving (left) and Mr. Frederic Austin have both collaborated with Miss Inglesby in her production of new ballets



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT manifestation of the *furor hibernicus* near Medjez-el-Bab which led the newest Irish Guards V.C., Sergt. Kenneally, to charge and rout some 200 Germans on two occasions singlehanded with a Bren, among other feats, bears the hallmark of its native Tipperary all over it. The *Gazette*, describing the achievement as "one that can seldom have been equalled," might have added "except when the Gael feels that way."

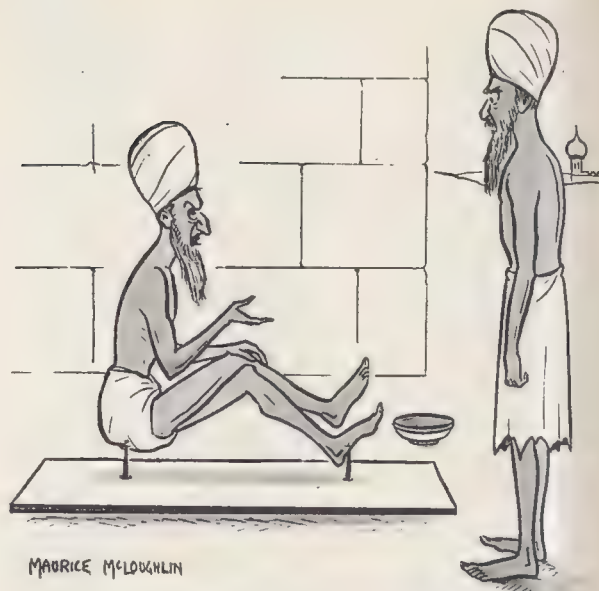
Battle frequently takes the Gael that way—compare, for example, Cathal Brugha of the Republican Army rushing out of the crumbling and flaming Hammam Hotel, Dublin, in the civil war of 1922, after long siege, charging a battalion of Free State troops, both revolvers blazing, black with soot and red with fury, roaring like a bull, dropping with a score of bullets in him. This kind of mystic madness is of a piece with other enchantments and spells of Ireland. Contemplating in the marble city of Kilkenny the house of the famous fourteenth-century sorceress, Dame Alice Kytler, who sold herself to the Devil with her maid Petronilla, one finds it difficult to believe that the Black Man maintained the upper hand with ease, as he normally does in such cases, ancient and modern. Dame Alice probably went suddenly off the deep end more than once and gave her Little Master something to think about

Black magic of the real sort has always been practically non-existent in Ireland. Maybe Hell is shy of the Gael, for many reasons.

## Dream

ONE of the 6564 things which make us laugh nowadays like the Zeiss works at Jena going up (*un rite cristallin*) is to hear some pedant giving tongue over the air about the glorious New London which will spring into being apparently at the first wave of the enchanter's wand.

Even the Greeks with all their traditions couldn't do it. When they began some 150 years ago to rebuild the shabby, dusty little ex-Turkish village of Athens their brand-new German dynasty imported a platoon of Boche architects full of the very latest ideas in the Potsdam-Classical. The frightful result endured till about the 1880's, when rich Greeks in America and Egypt could bear it no longer and began subsidising architects skilled in the native marbles, the golden Pentelic, the snowy Parian, the blue and grey Hymettan. So to-day Athens has a slightly American air of the pre-skyscraper period, except in the less select quarters, where those ancient ramshackle tile-roofed buildings still recall the Athens of Pericles—



"It's one of the utility models"

at least to us, and we don't doubt you're simply crazy about them, you big aesthetic dopes.

## Footnote

ONE curious thing about the famous classical Greek quarries is that one of them was utterly forgotten for about 1400 years, till one day in the 1890's a Mr. Brindley read in an obscure sixth-century Greek poet about the lovely "fresh green stone" of Atrax in Thessaly, set out to find it, and had the quarry re-opened. The eight enormous monoliths supporting the galleries of the nave of Westminster Cathedral were the first yield, and they are unique in the world except for the columns of Santa Sophia.

Marbles. . . . You seem to think nobody's interested in marbles except the Third at Eton.

## Interval

THIS thought came to us during luncheon the other day in a smart restaurant packed with delicious little actresses in full song, just like an aviary:

Women with dishevelled hair;  
Plan new worlds with vim and flair;  
Women with a natty chignon  
Much prefer a *filet mignon*.

## Chum

A NORFOLK agricultural expert's recent remarks on the effects of "hurdling" sheep in terms of crops reminded us that a little time ago the Fleet Street boys were playing up a well known girl cricketer who is now farming sheep very cleverly in the South.

Our reaction still is that it isn't every cricketer who can seize his (or her) public by the scruff, cut off all its wool, chuck it in a pool of dirty water full of chemicals, and treat it for ticks in dry weather and liver-fluke when it gets its feet wet. From our observation the occupants of the public stands at Lord's are just left out to rot when it rains, while the cricketers and members of the M.C.C. run like hares for shelter. There's no appendix on the treatment of liver-fluke in Wisden, so maybe those poor bleaters just die, rolling over on their backs, feebly waving their feet, coughing, and turning pathetic glazed big eyes to the sky. The cough of a sheep is exactly like the cough of a Brains Trust don, and breaks our heart.

(Concluded on page 270)



"I spy with my little eye something beginning with U . . ."



## Lord and Lady Herbert

With Their Children  
in Wiltshire

Lord Herbert is the eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and his wife is the Marquess of Linlithgow's only sister. Their children are Diana, aged six, and Henry, who is four. They were photographed at their charming country home, Baverstock Manor, in Wiltshire. Lord Herbert, who was Equerry to the late Duke of Kent until his death in 1942, has since been Private Secretary and Comptroller to the Duchess, to whom Lady Herbert is Lady-in-Waiting



*Family Party at Baverstock Manor*



*The Herberts in Their Wiltshire Garden*



*Henry and Diana with Their Pony*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Stupidity and low cunning are the sheep's handicap as a chum, and we've never met any rural character who loves them truly. We don't deny that the *profil de mouton* in women may be extremely attractive, in its dainty, petulant way, but we doubt if even a French connoisseur of this type would care to herd a whole flock of them into a smart restaurant (see rhyme above). For one thing, the leader instead of going through the swing-doors would probably try to butt her way madly through the paneling, which would annoy even the smiling Abel and inspire James ("Boss") Agate to several acid epigrams over his coffee.

## Browse

THAT London citizen who eats grass assured a meeting of Leeds vegetarians recently, after a tasty herbaceous breakfast, that the smoky flavour of Leeds grass is not to be despised, and "is really very good."

We wouldn't ask an amateur, personally. We'd ask a cow. Cows know more about vintage grass than any vegetarian, and are also nicer to look at and think higher thoughts, as you can tell from their contributions to the *New Statesman*. Probably grass differs like wine. Just as some chaps relish a fine Hermitage or Châteauneuf-du-Pape for that "roasted" flavour, and certain little Touraine wines, like Chinon, for their exquisite earthy tang, and Greek wines for their smack of resin, so a cow with educated taste may boost black Huddersfield grass as against the light-brown grass of South Mimms.

To find a vegetarian browsing the same field would probably turn a cow's stomach,

we guess, however good the grass. The disguise may be perfect, but that smell of mothballs down the wind gives the show away.

## Afterthought

IN the literary underworld, incidentally, our spies report, they are thinking of electing a Sacred Cow, hung with garlands. Hitherto this has borne only symbolic significance—Eugene O'Neill, for example, was for some time the Sacred Cow of America, and Gaffer Shaw of Great Britain, and any critic daring to lay hands on them was trampled to death by wild women—but now it will be actual. The Sacred Cow will feed unrestrictedly and will be led around the P.E.N. Club processionally twice a year, amid a rout of dancing women novelists clashing cymbals and crying "Io! Io!" and "Iach! Iach!" Sort of sterility-rite, so to speak.

## Romance

EGGING on that band of optimists called the Friends of Hansard, who want the Island Race to buy and take an interest in Parliamentary Debates, a romantic reader suggests that this would be far easier if Parliamentary debates had more love-interest.

Heart-stuff is hard to find in Hansard, as a matter of fact; but it wouldn't be difficult to fake a debate or two and slip it in among the rest. For example:



"Pardon me, Sir, but do you remember pre-war sausages?"

SIR G. ANGUISH (Ind., Burpington): With this ravishing creature, the hon. member for King's Teasing, reclining in my arms, with the fragrance of her hair setting my pulses athrob and driving me mad, I beg to move the amendment.

MR. GRIPE (Lib., Snoutsworth): Gad, it reminds one of Paolo and Francesca! (Cheers.)

MRS. BUSY (Ind., Bottlebury): For my part, I say that any man who takes part in a debate on a 5 per cent. ad valorem duty on imported sphagnum moss, bicycle-bells, dried prunes, and imitation crocodile handbags with his lips smoking from the kisses of a heartless wanton is not doing his duty to the electorate. ("Oh! Oh!")

THE SPEAKER: Go on, jealous! (Cheers.)

The question whether to fake a debate like this would not be a rather cynical trick to play on the populace is easily answered. It's no more cynical than all the other tricks.

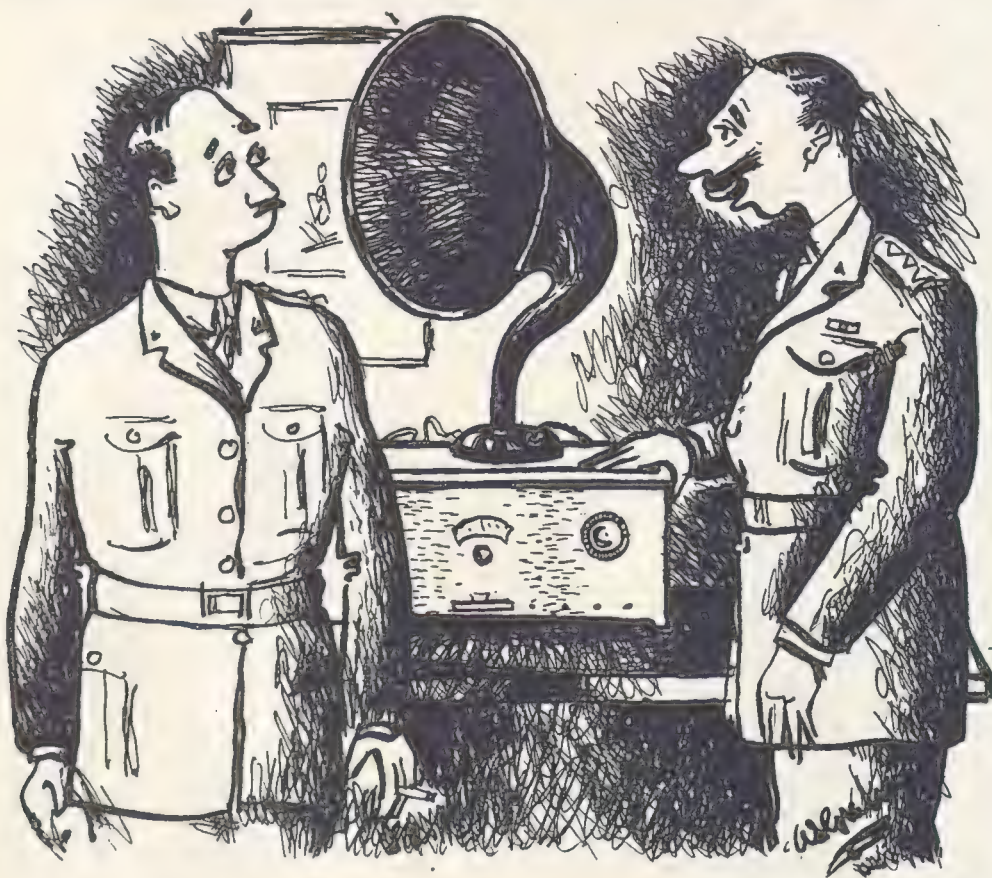
## Visitant

GROWING Nazi nervousness in Norway is being intensified, we dare swear, by trolls, though the news-agency boys are too proud, or scared, to acknowledge their existence.

Trolls' G.H.Q., as a recent B.B.C. broadcast of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* reminded us, is in the Dovrefjeld, but they equally haunt the Fjäll. The typical troll is bent and hairy, with little red glowing eyes, a curly tail, and a long curved nose like a reaping-hook, but not invariably. As we've told you once or twice, we know a 100-per-cent. troll in St. John's Wood who is practically human in shape, apart from being a member of the National Liberal Club. The troll nation has a message of self-sufficiency for the modern world and is extremely pleased with itself, like a minor Cabinet Minister. Trolls are also fond of teasing, say the old Norwegian folk tales from which Daddy Ibsen got his data, and in which some of their names are mentioned—Tron Valfjeldet, Kjöstøl Aabaaken, Rolf Eldförlungen, and so forth.

Their favourite food is fried frogs and they are terrified of bears. They'd enjoy nothing better, in our opinion, than gambolling round isolated German sentries at midnight and putting the troll-stuff over them.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I know it's antiquated, but can't we get 'Monday Night at Eight' before Tuesday?"





Dorothy Wilding

**Miss Selina Baker** is the only child of Sir Randolph Baker, Bt., D.S.O., and Lady Baker, of Ranston, near Blandford. She is eighteen, and is going to work on the land when she has completed her studies this summer.



Lenore

**Mrs. Peter Martineau**, divisional secretary and treasurer for Hitchin B.R.C.S., is the only daughter of the late Mr. Lionel Liddel, M.V.O., and Mrs. Liddel, and the wife of the younger son of Sir William Martineau.



Dorothy Wilding

**Miss Rosamund Patrick** is serving in the W.R.N.S. She is the daughter of the late Capt. Mark Patrick, M.P., and of Mrs. Derek Savile, of 48, Berkeley Square, and Brackley.

## Seven Portraits



Harlip

**Miss Ann Mitchell**, only daughter of Major C. C. Mitchell, D.S.O., M.C., of Ballynure, Co. Wicklow, is a member of the W.R.N.S. Her father is joint Master of the Kildare Hounds with Sir Francis Brooke, Bt.



Bertram Park

**Miss Pamela Blake**, only daughter of Sir Edward Blake, Bt., and Lady Blake, of Tillmouth Park, Cornhill-on-Tweed, is to join the W.R.N.S. this autumn. She has one brother, Francis Michael, born last July.



Harlip

**Mrs. Robin Brown** works for the British Red Cross. She is the wife of Capt. Robin Brown, and is a granddaughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Oram, K.C.B.



Harlip

**The Hon. Mrs. Alistair Erskine**, wife of Lord Erskine's younger son, is a member of the B.R.C.S., and helps to run her husband's farm. She is the daughter of the late Major P. Fitzgerald Norbury, D.S.O.



# “Dam Busters”: By Cuthbert Orde

Some of the Men Who Destroyed the Ruhr Dams



**F/Lt. D. J. Shannon, D.S.O., D.F.C.**

F/Lt. David John Shannon is an Australian, and was born in 1922 at Bridgewater, South Australia. He enlisted in the R.A.A.F., and was trained in Canada, winning the D.F.C. in January 1943, and the D.S.O. in May this year

Early in the morning of May 17th a force of Lancaster bombers led by W/Cdr. G. P. Gibson struck a devastating blow at the Ruhr industries, when they breached the walls of the great Möhne, Sorpe and Eder dams. W/Cdr. Gibson, who received the V.C. for this exploit, and several of the other members of the aircraft crews who participated in the operation, all of whom were decorated, appear on this page.



**P/O. K. W. Brown, C.G.M.**

P/O. Kenneth William Brown, born in 1920 at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, enlisted in 1941 in the R.C.A.F. He received his decoration for his part in the breaching of the Ruhr dams, at which time he was a Flight Sergeant



**F/Lt. J. C. McCarthy, D.S.O., D.F.C.**

F/Lt. Joseph Charles McCarthy comes from Long Island, U.S.A. He trained under the Joint Air Training Plan, and was commissioned in the R.C.A.F. in 1941. He won both his decorations in May 1943



**S/Ldr. D. J. H. Maltby, D.S.O., D.F.C.**





P/O. W. C. Townsend, C.G.M., D.F.M.

*Left: P/O. William Clifford Townsend, born at Sharpness, now lives at Chepstow, Monmouthshire. Formerly in the Royal Artillery, he transferred to the R.A.F. in 1941, winning his decorations in May 1943, while a Flight Sergeant*

*Right: F/Lt. Harold Brownlow Martin was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1918, and educated at Lindfield College. He served first in the Australian military forces, transferring to the R.A.F.V.R. in 1940, winning the D.F.C. in 1942, and the D.S.O. in May this year*

*Below: W/Cdr. Guy Penrose Gibson, leader of the attack on the German dams, was born at Simla, India, and educated in England. Before transferring to Bomber Command he was a night-fighter pilot. He accompanied Mr. Churchill to Canada last month, to give men of the R.C.A.F. the benefit of his flying experience*



F/Lt. H. B. Martin, D.S.O., D.F.C.



W/Cdr. G. P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.



F/Lt. R. D. Trevor-Roper, D.F.C., D.F.M.

*F/Lt. Richard Dacre Trevor-Roper was born in 1915 at Shanklin, I.O.W. His home is in Nottingham. He was educated at Wellington and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and served for some years in the Royal Artillery. In 1939 he enlisted in the R.A.F., being commissioned in 1941, and won the D.F.C. in November 1942*



## Lawns into Corn

At Tylney Hall, Home of  
Lord Rotherwick



*A magnificent field of corn now grows right up to the front door of Tylney Hall, replacing the peace-time lawns*



*Another view, taken from one of the windows in the house, shows Lord Rotherwick in front of this year's crop, ready for cutting*



*Miss Molly Cayzer, Lord Rotherwick's younger daughter, takes her nephew, Briant, for a swim in the pool*



*Lord and Lady Rotherwick*

As can be seen from these pictures, Lord Rotherwick is helping to fill the national larder, at his home near Basingstoke. He was formerly Sir Herbert Cayzer, and was created a Baron in 1939. He and Lady Cayzer have two sons, as well as their two daughters seen on this page. Their elder daughter married the Hon. Richard Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, second son of the late Viscount Boyne, in 1939, and has two sons, Briant and Michael

*Photographs by  
Swabe*



*The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell and Her Children*



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## The Open Ditch

THIS is a steeplechase obstacle which many horses absolutely abhor! It is not very well named, as a matter of fact, because it is more than just a ditch. The little slit trench, it is true, need only be 2 ft. deep, but it must be 6 ft. wide, and on the other side of the "ditch" there has to be a fence not less than 4 ft. 6 in. high, and quite often it is about 3 ft. thick through, so the full measurement from find to finish which an animal has to cover is, let us say, round about 10 ft.: only about 2 ft. more than the animal's own length. This ought not to trouble any horse, who, when he is going at the pace they do in steeplechases, ought easily to cover three times his own length, if not more. But the fact remains that, just because there is this doggone ditch on the take-off side, they make an awful fuss of it. A yawner on the landing side may be far more dangerous, but usually they flick over it in their stride. To the man on top, all fences in a steeplechase look the same with the exception of this open ditch. The effect is purely psychological. Anyone who has ever tempted Fate and the undertaker to do their damndest must know this. There is a rather big ditch full of water just in front of us at the moment, but some people seem to imagine it is just as easy an obstacle as one with water on the other side. It is very easy to jump any course or any country from the grandstand, or from a railway train.

## What's the Odds . . .

"ABOUT the Leger?" (September 18, Newmarket) is the continuation of the sentence. The proper answer is "No change," and this is said in spite of all the talk. I think the real trouble is how to divide Ribbon and Straight Deal. Both have been backed for real money; both camps are confident; the filly is at 6 to 1 and the colt at 7 to 1. Ribbon, I should think, is nearly a hand smaller than Straight Deal, and we know what the old principle is; her pedigree, however, for stamina is much better than his; we know that she ought to have won the Oaks; Straight Deal did win the Derby, and won it like a good one! I am certain that he will stay the 1½ miles, in spite of the fact that he has got that

Sundridge (Amphion) blood close up in his family tree. Prejudice against it is not dead, though, no doubt, it ought to be, for Amphion himself traces straight back to the great tap-root Blacklock (from whom Galopin, etc.). Ribbon has a pedigree beyond reproach. Her papa, Fairway, won the 1928 St. Leger; her mama, Bongrace, won both the Doncaster Cup and the Jockey Club Cup—each 2½ miles—and Bongrace was by Spion Kop, who won the 1920 Derby and was by Spearmint, winner of the 1906 Derby, also of the Grand Prix 1 mile 7 furlongs ten days later. Spearmint was by that grand old warrior Carbine, and he had a lot of Stockwell on the dam's side, so it will be seen Ribbon's lineage is unimpeachable.

## The Young Ladies

THERE is quite a beauty chorus, and by common consent and also on performance, I think that Mrs. Lavington's Fair Fame is entitled to be considered the première danseuse. If her claims rested solely upon her success in the Queen Mary Stakes, there might be some reason for argument, because then she only just beat Miss Paget's Mrs. Mop, but they do not so rest. On July 7th, at Newmarket, she won the 6-furlong Fulbourne Stakes with 9 st. 2 lb. on her back in 1 min. 13½ secs. Whatever store we set or do not set upon the watch, this was a very good gallop, and it is reinforced by the fact that she was giving a good one like Blue Cap 5 lb. She beat her by one-and-a-half lengths very comfortably. Blue Cap ran unplaced in the Queen Mary Stakes, but it is probable that she was then suffering from a bit of unauthorised exercise. I rate Blue Cap quite in the front row, and next year she might turn the tables on the whole fleet of them. Picture Play, the third in the Queen Mary Stakes, I think, is a bit of a minx. The one of Miss Paget's I like very much is the Lady Maderty filly. In the Binfield Stakes at Ascot (June 14th), 5 furlongs, they backed Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Tudor Maid (own sister to her Derby winner, Owen Tudor) as if it were all over, but the Lady Maderty filly made her go for her life to win by half a length. If Tudor Maid is as good as they say, then I think Miss Paget's filly is a pound or two better. And this, M'lud and Gentlemen of the Jury, is my case so far!

(Concluded on page 276)



## Judging Young Riders

Mrs. Rees-Reynolds and Mr. Bob Kaye were judges at the Children's Gymkhana and Pony Show, held at Glory Farm, Chart Lane, Dorking. There were many young entrants for the various events



## Women Cricket Captains

At the inter-Services women's cricket match, played at Lyons sports ground, Sudbury, Jnr. Cdr. M. E. MacLagen captained the A.T.S. XI., and Chief Officer Fry (daughter of Mr. C. B. Fry) was the W.R.N.S. captain



## Muswell Hill Golf Club Gives the American Army Team Their First Defeat

D. R. Stuart

The Muswell Hill Golf team, seen above, with four scratch players, beat the American Army team by 10 rubbers to 4. Front row: W. White, T. Porter, V. Tickle, D. S. Henderson (Captain), L. A. Wilson, A. P. Chadwick, H. G. Harrison. Back row: R. Rowe, W. P. Stuart, J. Carter, E. Gibbs, H. K. Pritchard, C. M. Swannell, W. H. Macdonald, T. J. Galloway (Secretary)



The newly-formed Hans Crescent American Red Cross Golf Club had previously beaten Pinner, Selsdon Park and Reigate Police teams. The players' names are: Front row: J. Anderson, B. Mathews, E. Sullivan, Dick Austin (Captain), F. Parry (Manager), Don Peine, J. Doyle. Back row: S. Remsen, S. Raymond, W. Smith, J. Vensberg, E. Thomas, H. Elmar, W. Kupiec, R. Famlin



# Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

## Cooked and Cooking

IT has been apparent for some time past to everyone excepting a fanatical band, who have said that he is the best thing that ever was, that Nasrullah loathes the turf. His latest performance in that 1½-mile Cavenham Stakes at Newmarket on the 18th, a month before the Leger, surely ought to convince even his admirers. He only won because the other two were too moderate to be able to make a race of it; he did his best to stop; he tried deliberately to cut it as they went into The Dip; he had done the same thing in the Two Thousand at the same place, when, if he had had the courage, he had plenty of open sea before him in which to disport himself; and in the Derby, as those who saw the race may recall, he hoisted the white flag half-way up the hill, some said from distress, but I say because he saw there might have to be a fight. He would have stopped if he could. He rolled into Umiddad, and not this colt into him, and he also interfered with the tiring Pink Flower and Merchant Navy, not that either of them could have won, and now we have this latest exhibition. He has no liking at all for his job, and I trust that he will not be permitted to take any more money out of anyone's pocket. There has been a tendency to boost him for the Champion Stakes, but after this recent performance how can he be trusted? His pot has boiled over; but how about some others who at the moment are only half-baked?

## For Our Notebook

WHEN last quoted in the Leger betting, Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan's Tropical Sun was at 11 to 1 and Merchant Navy at 8 to 1. Now, getting only 2 lb., she has beaten him absolutely pointless over 1½ miles (Salisbury, August 21st). I suggest that we take no immediate notice of this performance, because it may be a totally different story on September 18th with another half-mile to go. Tropical Sun was backed with much confidence for the Oaks, in which she ran a fair third, only behind Why Hurry and the very unlucky little Ribbon, who must have won easily but for being so badly interfered with. The deduction, therefore, is that if Ribbon is alive on Leger day she will beat Tropical Sun wherever they finish. Merchant Navy, much as I like him, is still just an overgrown hobbledohoy. I am sure that he will be a better four-year-old than he can ever be a three-year-old. He has had very little time

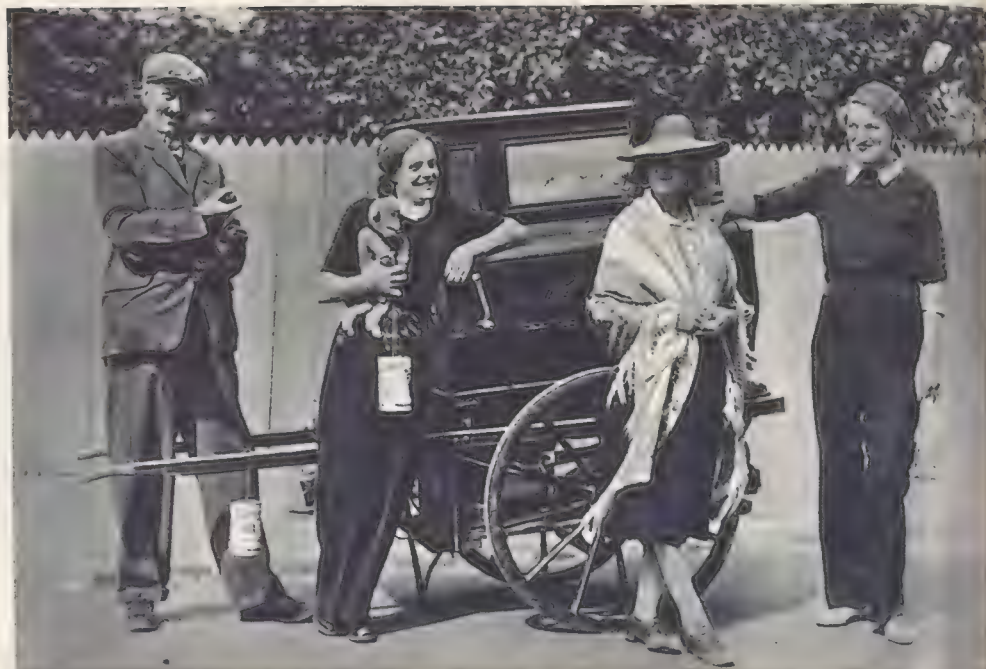
in which to learn the tricks of the trade, and he will look more like a tradesman when he lets down a bit. So as regards the Leger I think Salisbury says, "As you were!"

## But . . .

THE same can hardly be said about the two-year-olds, for Gustator, who has, I see, changed ownership, won very easily over 5 furlongs with 9 st. 5 lb. on his poor back at Salisbury on the 21st, with Bahara 8 st. 9 lb. and High Profit 9 st. behind him, the latter an odds-on favourite on the strength of his having won last time out in a slow-run 5 furlongs at Ascot. He was not then pressed, because there was such a moderate opposition, and so he might have made that 13½th a lot better, but when Gustator beat him the pace was even worse. It seems to me, therefore, to have been a bit optimistic at once to hail High Profit as a possible winner of next year's Derby. It does not appear that, so long as Gustator is

on the earth, he can win it; but even Gustator has yet to prove that he is a good deal better than Orestes, Happy Landing, who are one and the same thing, and His Excellency, who on form to date is just about the same thing as Gustator. These few little things may be worth noting.

Unfortunately, these notes have to be transformed into printer's ink before this 1½-mile gallop at Ascot on August 28th, in which Straight Deal, Merchant Navy, Kingsway and Why Hurry are said to be certain to participate. Those most closely concerned must know best, but if he had belonged to me, I should have kept the Derby winner at home in the present state of things, and with the Leger so close at hand. He has told them all they want to know, and his beating Why Hurry, the very lucky winner of the Oaks, cannot add much to the store of knowledge. I shall not be surprised to find that Kingsway has run second, but I should not like even to try to pick the third.



Clark, Royston

## Organ-Grinding for War Charities in Hertfordshire

With this barrel organ the Misses Bowcher, of Barley, near Royston, have collected over £100 in six months for various war charities. The "gentleman" between the shafts is Miss G. Bowcher; Mrs. Stanley Hayes carries the monkey, and the other two gypsies are Miss M. Bowcher and Mrs. Mollie Huskinson



D. R. Stuart

## Instructing Officers at an R.N. Air Station

Sitting: 3rd Off. M. Holliss, Lt.-Cdr. W. J. M. Borthwick, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Cdr. P. C. L. Yorke, O.B.E., Lt.-Cdr. E. D. G. Lewin, D.S.O., D.S.C., Lt. V. S. Cowdy. Standing: Sub-Lt. T. B. Lewis, Lt. B. Collins, Lt. M. F. James, Lt. R. M. Betham, Sub-Lt. P. S. Snow, Senior Master F. J. Chinory

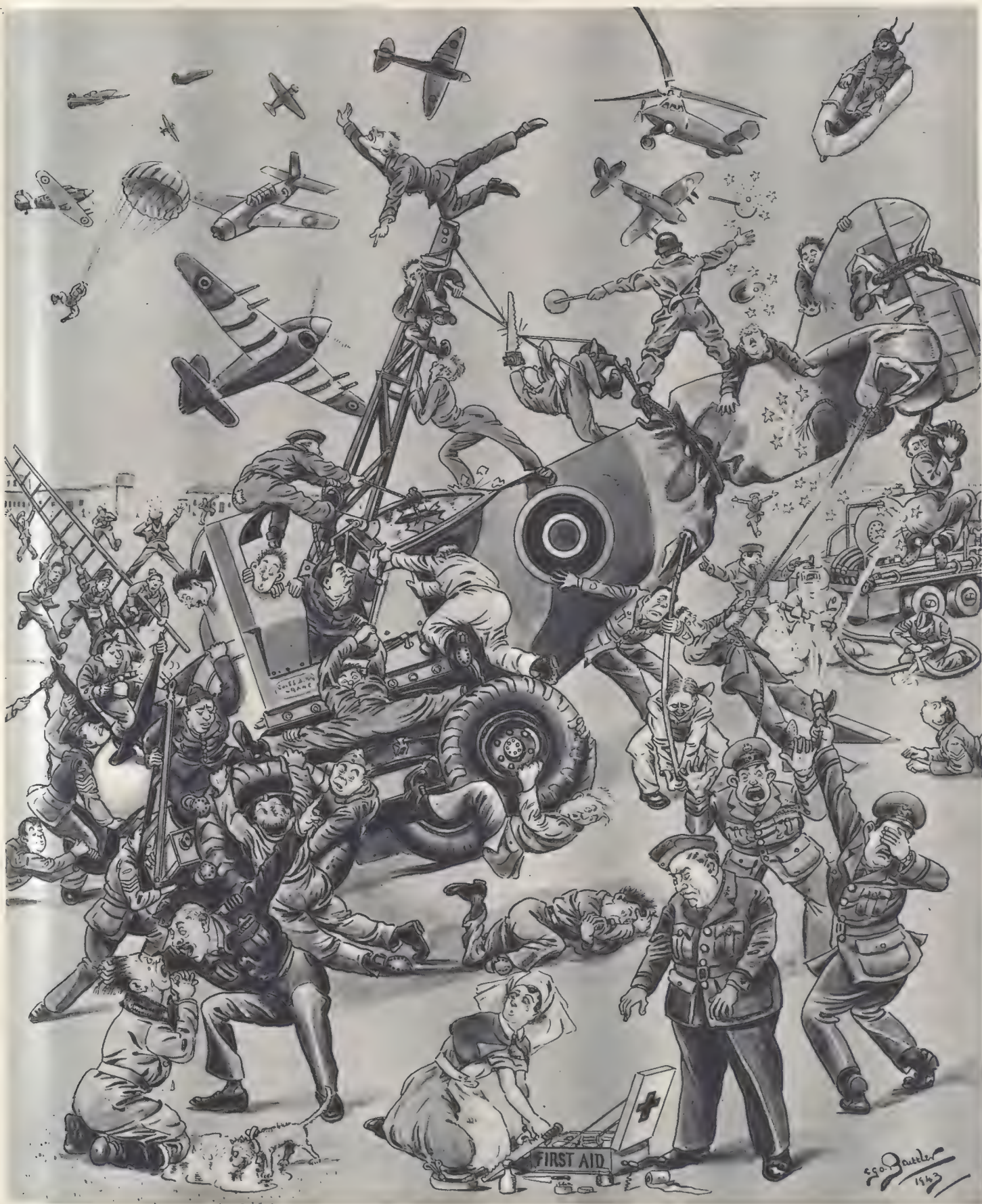


D. R. Stuart

## Officers of an R.A.F. Station

These five officers were photographed at a station in the North. They are F/O R. A. Beardsley, D.F.C., G/Capt. C. Walter, O.B.E., S/Ldr. G. W. Petre, W/Cdr. R. A. Barton, D.F.C. and Bar, and S/Ldr. J. H. Lapsley, D.F.C.





## The Unforgivable Offence

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Founded on fact and drawn specially for a certain Fighter Station, this picture illustrates with deep feeling the Unforgivable Offence—Landing your Aircraft with Undercarriage Up. In this case the Typhoon has belly-crashed and blocked the runway. A Coles Berry 2-ton crane has been run out in an effort to lift the damaged aircraft, but without success. The heavier 5-tonner should have been used instead. The ground crews are heaving and pulling in all directions in order to clear the runway. The Station Commander (the Group Captain in the left foreground) is taking the offending pilot to task with a flood of eloquence; the Medical Officer is disappointed at the absence of bloodstains; the Flying Control Officer (right foreground) is firing a salvo of Vercy lights to stop the encircling aircraft from landing; another Flying Control Officer is busy with his "bats" on the top of the fuselage. The never-ending stream (of chemical "soap suds") from the fire-engine has failed to materialize



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## First Person Singular

**E**VERY MAN TO HIS POST," by Alan Michie (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), is the third volume sequel to *Their Finest Hour* and *Lights of Freedom*, stories of the war in the first person, which Mr. Michie edited with Mr. Walter Graebner while they were on the London staff of (American) *Life* magazine. You will no doubt remember these two books.

First person reporting is a thing in itself. It is unlike both the printed results of the "interview"—in which the taciturn hero or shy celebrity is more or less third-degreed by the journalist—and any account a man writes of his own experiences, which must assume some kind of literary form. Few men, especially men of action, write nearly so spontaneously as they speak. Is there something faintly cold-blooded about the act of writing? At any rate, the required deliberation tends, however slightly, to cool a memory off.

In first person reporting, the man who has had the experience speaks, not writes—and speaks direct from a memory that has not lost anything of its natural heat. The story is taken down in his own words. Obviously, for this there must be the right atmosphere and the right *mise en scène*. The stilted and inquisitorial atmosphere of the "interview" would be hopeless. Contact between speaker and listener must be established—no one talks at any length, much less comes out with a story, until he feels natural, at ease and thoroughly in the mood. Recalcitrance and self-consciousness have to be overcome—and in Anglo-Saxons both are highly developed. These two enemies of the straight story have to be beaten on their own ground. Then the speaker, in freely speaking, relives his experience. Words find themselves, as he recaptures the real sensations, reactions, he had at a given time.

## Human Camera

**O**UR technique of personal reporting," says Mr. Michie, speaking for himself and Mr. Graebner, "was born out of the difficulty of vividly reporting for a picture magazine a war which we could not photograph." Photographers for the papers could not, and cannot, go everywhere. But the human retina, in action, records what the lens of the camera has to miss. Sight, reinforced by visual memory, make each man, at every moment, his own camera. Involuntarily, and without censorship, he is storing up mental photographs. Some are developed by reasoned memory, some remain undeveloped—which is to say, forgotten.

Mr. Michie and his colleague saw the importance of these mental rather than actual photographs, and the way in which they could be used for illustrating the war. The public were, above everything, wanting pictures—pictures that no camera could obtain. A man's mind-picture—put straight into

words he found for himself, or, better, words that found themselves for him—could, and should, be as vivid as any other. The angle, as in photography, would be there. And the man's inner camera also does not lie.

So, to have access to, to develop (by making the man in question talk) and to make available to the public these personal inner pictures became Mr. Michie's aim. He was not on the look-out to contact remarkable (in the conventional sense) or highly imaginative people—in fact, I should say he was out to avoid the latter, for imagination is tricky: it tampers with memory. He wanted ordinary people who had had direct reactions, and truthful, natural people who could unpack their memories without fuss. He wanted the individual reflex to a phase of action, a stretch of time or a moment, unblurred by subsequent self-analysis. He wanted, in fact, pictures, not thought-up narratives. That he got what he wanted can be seen from three books.

## From All Angles

**E**VERY MAN TO HIS POST" serves to illustrate the present global phase of the war. In common with its two predecessors, this is, Mr. Michie says, "in a sense . . . a personalised history." Also, the books have a purpose. He quotes Mr. Churchill's 1940 saying: "There are vast numbers not only in this island but in every land who will render faithful service



## Lord Berners on Location

Lord Berners has written the music for "The Half-Way House," a psychological drama in course of production under Michael Balcon. He is seen on location discussing the film with Guy Middleton, Mme. Françoise Rosay, the well-known French actress, and (standing) Cavalcanti, the associate producer of the film. Alfred Drayton, who has an important part in the film, may be recognised in the background

in this war, but whose names will never be known, whose deeds will never be recorded. . . . "These three books," states their editor, "have attempted, in a very small way, to put that right."

So the name in most cases, and some personal facts in all, of the teller of each story have been given. Also, before the story begins, a summary of the campaign, or the phase of action, that is the story's setting has been supplied. This gives the personal account a clear

start. Throughout each, as one would expect, the pictorial element is strong. There is impressionism rather than lengthy descriptiveness. To read, in these cases, is more or less to see, "I Fought in Crete," "Daylight Attack on Le Creusot" and "Over the Alps to Milan" seemed to me the most vivid of all. From the last, for instance, comes this:

We were going so fast that bits of Milan just slipped past beneath us like picture postcards being slipped over.

And this comes from the Le Creusot raid account:

It was the end of a perfectly beautiful day. The sun was just setting over Le Creusot in the distance and, for just a moment, I thought what a shame it was to have to shatter somebody's quiet Saturday afternoon nap.

Before I could day-dream any more we received the signal to spread formation and go in for the attack.

The stories of a bombing of Bremen, of a daylight strafe over Sicily (by a Belgian pilot), of desert tank fighting, with its almost naval quality, and of a bomber crew's eleven days adrift in a rubber dinghy in the Mediterranean all, however, stamp themselves on one's memory.

Towards the end of the book several other excellent features come, as

(Concluded on page 280)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

**FOR** the moment I am living in a country town composed almost entirely in its human aspect of elderly and old people. They are all very busy doing next to nothing, and to all outward appearances like to chatter to each other all day long about nothing at all. Meanwhile they await death in easy comfort, doing a little shopping, taking little walks, discussing "our war" via *The Times*, religion via the "dear vicar," pouncing like vultures upon the first summer fruits and holding up their emotional hands in dismay at the limitation of their food ration. Not theirs to wear out when to rust out allows them to eat more than is good for them; enjoy twice the sleep necessary; potter about mentally and physically; read the more trivial books, and raise all the prejudices of the Victorian era whenever their comfort is challenged or disturbed.

Looking at them and listening to them, I often, in my blindness, pray that I may never become as they. But one never knows! The old were not born old, as the young often presume. I may yet live to potter and to prattle, to eat a lot of food and to fill up a lot of space.

When one was fifteen one longed to be twenty; when twenty, one longed to be thirty; when thirty, one looked forward to being forty, but was horrified at the notion of being fifty; when fifty, one regarded sixty as the age limit, and when seventy one looked with longing eyes at the possibilities inherent in being fifteen! Yet, as a matter of fact, one passes

By Richard King

through all these periods of decay with only a spasmodic realisation of what can never happen again. Each period of age has its own interests, its own enthusiasms, its own idea of happiness, and not one period agrees with the final verdict of the other. One cannot imagine oneself ever pottering and prattling at twenty, just as the septuagenarian cannot recall the frantic joy of vaulting over a five-barred gate. Both would simply loathe to do what the other enjoys at the moment when they are twenty and seventy respectively. Each hour of life has its own richness, though there is never a day when that richness has not to be sought and cultivated. At whatever age you may be, to lie back is to be lost.

A garrulous old bore is as dreary as a sullen student, for both have lost that vital spark without which life loses all its colour and its meaning. It is not so greatly a question of energy as of outlook. Some are born dull; others achieve dullness—achieve it simply by ignoring the beauty all around, the outside interests which crowd in upon life and the inner deepening of the mind and spirit which should come with age. To fritter away the opportunities of learning the value of new aspects, of cultivating one's own secret garden, of broadening the mind and keeping it active and alive, is usually to become a club or boarding-house bore, metaphorically gnawing that bone of contention which is the challenged right to some special chair and all the "gnawing" which accompanies that claim.



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Taylor — Phillips**

Major John Andrew Taylor, Royal Canadian Signals, son of the late R. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of Vancouver, married Mary Laurence Phillips, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Phillips, of The Croft, Hindhead, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Wilson — Bax**

Capt. James Nicol Blackwood Wilson, R.A., only son of Provost and Mrs. G. H. Wilson, of 48, London Road, Kilmarnock, married Undine Bax, only daughter of Mr. Clifford Bax, of Albany, W., and the late Gwen-doline Bax, at St. Nicholas's Church, Berden



**Champion de Crespigny — Flemming**

Major Vivian Champion de Crespigny, R.A.S.C., only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. T. Champion de Crespigny, of Wivenhoe, Hythe, married Monica Flemming, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. G. Flemming, of Norton Beauchamp, Kewstoke, Somerset, at St. James's, Spanish Place.



**Gidlow Jackson — Ramsey**

Lt.-Col. R. M. Gidlow Jackson, D.S.O., The Loyal Regt., and Norah Ramsey, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Ramsey, of Lisnennan, Co. Donegal, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street



**Meakin — Hughes**

Capt. Rodney Meakin, R.A., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Meakin, and Pauline Hughes, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hughes, of Dorridge, Warwickshire, were married at St. Giles's Church, Packwood



**Mansfield — Byron**

Lt. Edward Gerard Napier Mansfield, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. Mansfield, of Lower Woodford, Salisbury, married Joan Worship Byron, twin daughter of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. J. Byron, of Burley Vicarage, Ringwood, Hants., at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street



**Baly — Hutchinson**

Surg.-Lt. Peter L. N. Baly, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Capt. H. C. N. Baly and Mrs. Baly, of Leyburn, Yorks., married Suzanne Hutchinson, only daughter of the late S. M. Hutchinson and Mrs. H. Perowne, of Aurcol House, Shanklin, I.O.W., at St. Blasius's Church, Shanklin

D. R. Stuart



**Pushman — Gane**

F/Lt. George Rupert Pushman, R.A.F., of Ottawa, Canada, and Muriel Couller Gane, daughter of Major and Mrs. Irving B. Gane, of Warren Farm House, Warren Road, Guildford, were married at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield



**Crocker — Dent**

Capt. Anthony James Gulliford Crocker, The Dorsetshire Regt., son of Mrs. Crocker, of Southampton, married Elizabeth Suzanne Boisragon Dent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Boisragon Dent, of Purley, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 265)

in this country with the U.S.A.A.F. He flies a Fortress. Tickets for the Ball are already selling well. Donations came in rapidly during the meeting, which was presided over by Mrs. Moore, nearly £400 being raised. Mrs. Winant promised £25. So did Lady Hadfield. Mrs. Moore increased her original £25 to £50; Lady Waddilove gave £50, so did Lady Suenson-Taylor. Nearly everyone there took tickets, among them Lady Onslow, Lady Camrose, the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, Lady Leverhulme, Lady Chetwode and the Mayor of Holborn.

## Theatre News

HIGH-LIGHT of the London autumn season is to be a visit from Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynn Fontanne, who are to appear in Robert Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night*. The Lunts have been in Hollywood, but are expected in this country any day now—their clothes have already arrived—and the play will then go into rehearsal. They were last in London in 1938, when they appeared in *Amphytrion* 38. Before that they had a tremendous success in *Reunion in Vienna*. Among other H.M. Tennent plans for the coming months is the production of Terence Rattigan's topical comedy of the West End, *While the Sun Shines*, in which Michael Wilding and Penelope Dudley Ward are to appear, and which goes into rehearsal this month. John Gielgud has a new production coming, *The Cradle Song*, by Martinez Sierra, and there is to be a new Emyln Williams play with an all-Welsh cast.

Bernard Delfont is also planning a number of productions in the very near future. *The Wingless Victory*, which will be directed by Michael Redgrave, will have Wanda Rotha and Manning Whiley as stars; Cole Porter's current American hit, *Something for the Boys*, will have Evelyn Dall; and *The Lady Comes Across* will bring Jessie Matthews back to the West End. Incidentally, *The Lady Comes Across* is the show in which Jessie was to have appeared on Broadway a year ago. There are said to be a number of really good tunes in it, but none of them are released in this country yet.



Christened in the Country

Little Barry Shayne Pope, seen with his mother, Mrs. Michael Brownfield Pope, and his brother, Shaun, was recently christened. His father, Lt. Michael Brownfield Pope, M.C., North Irish Horse, who is serving abroad, had just started training horses in Berkshire when war broke out.



Married in London

The marriage of Mr. Robert Antony Hilton, son of Sir Robert and Lady Hilton, of Shipston-on-Stour, and Miss Margaret Yeomans, only daughter of Mr. Yeomans, of Scunthorpe, and the late Mrs. Yeomans, took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, on August 23rd

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

accounts of action, into a different category: they are from Mr. Michie's own hand. "Britain's Lawrences of Abyssinia," "Twenty Against Two Hundred" (Dieppe) and "Get Rommel, Dead or Alive!" give the stuff for epics in matter-of-fact prose.

## "You Have Been Warned"

THE reviewer of *No Great Shakes*, by Lt.-Col. Charles O. Head, D.S.O. (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.), might well, at the start, be intimidated. Col. Head's attitude to my tribe, in his Author's Note, which is followed up by his Preface, is distinctly belligerent. Many might read no further—which would be a serious loss. For, having shown the reviewer (well in advance) where he or she gets off, the author goes on to tell his life-story, and to record his views, with a modesty coupled with independence by which, I think, only a foolish person could fail to be disarmed.

Col. Head is prepared to be quarrelled with. It is true that on almost all matters on which he holds an opinion—most notably the Army, India and Ireland—feeling does run, or has run, dangerously high. But perhaps, in these years, we all grow a little tired of quarrelling with one another about opinions. One begins to judge a man less by his opinions than by the manner in which, and the reasons why, they are held. Only one thing remains detestable—mass-opinion as a substitute for individual thought. Col. Head's opinions may be shared, as it happens, by a number of people (some are, others are not, shared by me), but they are, all the same, unmistakably quite his own—arrived at for given reasons, all by himself. Those who may disagree with them should not, I think, deny that they are both individual and sincere.

Its author's own proffered review of *No Great Shakes* is, even allowing for sarcasm, too modest. The book does not suffer, but gains from being unlike the run of more showy autobiographies. The life of an Anglo-Irish landlord and regular soldier, who saw service in many lands and in the Great War—is not this ample and worthy material? Col. Head, going to France in 1915, found (to quote the publisher's wrapper) "little to admire in the leadership and staff-work of the Army in France, and expresses his opinion of both with considerable freedom."

Of the German Army, Col. Head had already formed some idea when, in China in 1900, he, as captain in a battery of Horse Artillery, took part in the international proceedings undertaken to quell the Boxer rebellion. . . . With regard to Ireland, where he had hoped to end his days peacefully in his inherited home, Col. Head—I think one might say fairly—asked for trouble, and got it. Scorning to hide or modify his opinions, he followed the dictates of his conscience. Irishmen in all parties have done the same. Ireland lost Col. Head, who, on the eve of this war, had espoused in Salop a hedonism chequered by the writing of books. But in his very harshness towards Ireland I detect one kind of incurable buried love.

## The Navy

"BRITISH SEAMEN," by David Mathew, is a recent and outstanding addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 4s. 6d.). The subject, whose initial interest is evident, has been handled in a really superb style. All books for this series have had to be short and pregnant: the writing of each has been, for the different authors, at once a discipline and an exercise—discipline as to form, exercise (ideally) of the wit allowed by compression. Some time ago, for instance, Miss Rose Macaulay's *Life Among the English* showed how a work of information could be, at the same time, a literary tour de force. And now a very short history of the British Navy becomes the vehicle for Bishop Mathew's gifts. As a history, *British Seamen* is clear and direct, packed tightly with pictures as well as facts—with, miraculously, no effort of congestion. As literature, you will find that it ranks high.

Bishop Mathew, one of whose ancestors was a famous admiral, himself served as a midshipman in the *Tiger* during the last war. Tradition and experience are both his: he therefore writes of the Navy as no outsider could. His chapters, or sections, are headed by different key-dates—1588, 1639, 1672, 1704, 1740, 1759—and so on, up to the present day. He both describes, with vigour, naval engagements, and traces the process of growth and change. He shows by what stages the hardy, semi-piratical, loosely-disciplined fleet of Elizabethan times became the Service we know to-day. His word-portraits of admirals, of all sorts, are memorable. At first, the gulf between courtier-admirals and hard-bitten sea-going captains was marked and regrettable. Later, the Navy entered, and suffered from, a phase of pronounced political influence. Social and technical, as well as militant, history has, as you will gather, been written here. The illustrations are pleasing, but can they vie with the ice-bright pictures from Bishop Mathew's pen?

## Difficulties with the Locum

THE amiable English village of Exton Forcett was inclined to live and let live—and also die and let die. So when its doctor's first locum (Dr. Cecil himself being gone to the war) was found with a bashed-in cranium, it was agreed to let the whole matter pass—it could have been accident. But when the second (a lady) perished in the same manner, things had begun to come to a pretty pass. . . . *Murder, M.D.*, by Miles Burton (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), tells you what happened next. I found this an excellent story. Dear, muddled Hermione Cecil, who ran out of pepper and couldn't hang drawing-room curtains, went straight to my heart.



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# ECONOMIES IN WARTIME

## *A Page for Women* by M. E. Brooke.

LIBERTY



Here is a warm winter coat of a soft woollen material. The turnover collar is becoming and so are the inset sleeves

LIBERTY



Very practical is this wool pinafore frock. The blouse is of printed rayon in cheerful colours



HARVEY NICHOLS

Simplicity is an important feature of the Scotch wool housecoat above. The stripes are arranged in a flattering manner, while the facings and revers strike a new note

LIBERTY



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*Elizabeth Arden*

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.1



## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A WOMAN who had driven the other members of a first-aid class nearly frantic by her continual criticism of the whole idea turned up one morning a complete convert—first-aid training was a wonderful thing, it ought to be compulsory.

"Why," she said, "yesterday I was sitting at home when I heard a screeching of brakes and then a terrific crash. Two cars had upturned right in front of our gate and four people were lying in the street. One woman had a deep cut in her arm, two men had broken legs, and another severe lacerations of the face. But, thank heaven, I remembered exactly what you had taught me. So I bent over and put my head between my knees—and I didn't faint!"

"I won't offer you a drink, Mrs. Brown," said the hostess, "since you are head of the Temperance League."

"No, I am president of the Anti-Vice League," replied the guest.

"Oh! Well, I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

A WOMAN air raid warden in a New York apartment house was amazed at the variety of her neighbours' pets. Dogs and cats were common. One woman had a monkey and another a white rat. Strangest of all was a caged barnyard rooster. Chatting with one housewife, the girl told her of the pets in the building.

"The lady right above you has a rooster," she said, whereupon her hostess gasped and slumped to the floor. When she came to the lady was profusely apologetic.

"I've never fainted before, but it was such a shock," she explained. "You see, I've been under treatment for six months by the highest priced psychiatrist in New York because I kept hearing a rooster's crowing."



"Gosh, nurse! I must have been dreaming. I thought you were Marlene Dietrich"

THIS is a story about two Irishmen who were all set to fight a duel with pistols. One was a big fellow and the other a little one.

"That isn't fair," said the big chap. "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so he ought to stand twice as far from me as I stand from him."

The seconds couldn't figure that out, but one of them had an idea. He measured the width of the little slim man and drew two chalk lines on the chest of the big fellow.

"Now remember," he admonished the little chap. "Any shots that hit outside of them marks don't count."

AN Italian dispatch rider returned to his and reported to his C.O.: "Please; a British soldier stopped me on the road, searched me, took all my papers, then walked away."

"What!" yelled the Italian officer, "you let him search you? You had a revolver, hadn't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the dispatch rider with a cunning smile, "but he didn't find that. I hid it in my hat!"

"WHAT's the matter, little man?" asked a sympathetic stranger of a small boy whom he saw crying in the street.

"Please, sir, my dog's dead," sobbed the boy.

"Oh, is that all? Well, you mustn't make such a trouble about that. My grandmother died last week, and I'm not crying."

"No," sobbed the boy with a fresh burst of tears, "but you didn't bring her up from a pump."

"Good heavens! How terrible," cried the professor as he finished reading the note left behind by his daughter who had run away.

"Why, whatever is the matter, dear?" asked his wife, concerned at his obvious distress.

For answer, the professor handed her the letter to read.

"So she's eloped with that officer," was the lady's calm comment. "Well, I can't say it's a complete surprise."

"But she's spelt 'eloped' with two l's!" moaned the man of learning.

THE trouble with you is the same as with Mr. Brown," said the doctor. "He worried and got nervous dyspepsia. He was worrying himself to death about his grocer's bill. Now he is cured."

"But how did you cure him?" asked the patient.

"I told him to stop worrying, and he did," replied the doctor.

"I know," was the sad reply. "But I'm his grocer."

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Horrid Houses

ONE of the horrid aviation stories that I have read refers to houses made of paper pulp and plastics folded and arranged to be dropped by parachute. This surely conjures up a nightmare of what the local authorities are pleased to call "development schemes."

A development scheme, as far as I can sum it up, consists in laying sewers, and then obliterating every blade of grass and every tree in the vicinity and erecting upon the scarred earth the most hideous structures that can be devised. In the past there has been the advantage that it takes time for the average local authority to wreck the countryside with its building plans but if we are to drop houses from the air even this mitigation will have gone. One can visualise a beautiful open glade, a roar of powerful aero-engines, a shower of folded houses and—of course—parachute workmen complete with tools, sewage pipes and the rest of it, and a few moments afterwards a fresh blot upon the English landscape. Contemplating such matters one always wonders why local authorities can never see their way to rebuild where buildings are already on a larger scale and so provide the extra accommodation without wrecking the countryside.

## Aero-education

IT is research which gives life to learning," wrote Mr. F. G. Miles in a letter to *The Times* the other day. He was discussing air education and the establishment of a university or school specialising in it. The subject had previously been brought up in Parliament and in many other places and as far as I can make out there is general agreement that there should be some centre for aeronautical education but that there is still some uncertainty as to the form it should take. Mr. Miles lets us know that the term "university" means nothing more than a corporation, society or community and herein surely lies a clue



**Squadron Leader A. B. Awan** of Dera Ismael Khan, N.W. Frontier, India, was one of the original six pilot cadets trained for the Indian Air Force at Cranwell. He is now touring Britain and the U.S.A. speaking on the expansion of the Indian Air Force. He is seen above with Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, India, discussing his route before starting out on his tour

to the right answer. The school should be for establishing in the minds of pupils sets of basic facts. The university should collect those same pupils in the higher capacity of wielders of those facts. In short, at the university they not only learn but use what they have learned for purposes of discovery.

There is a wider scope at the university and there should be almost complete freedom for those who are graduates there. In aviation there is a continuous need for this kind of opportunity. Aircraft establishments coming within the Royal Air Force have, in some cases, achieved something very like it. At experimental stations where I have been, the technical staff has frequently had remarkably good opportunities for research along individually chosen lines. And that brings me to the point I want to make about this projected air university. I place a large emphasis upon practical flying, for my experience is that the genuine research worker, the man who is likely to discover something new, is best stimulated by having always available opportunities for practical flying in various types of machine. Some of our most notable

aviation research workers, such as Sir Henry Tizard and Sir Melville Jones, undoubtedly owe their eminence in part to the fact that they themselves had such extensive air experience and worked for such long periods at places where flying was going on all day.

## The Leaves are Falling

THERE was the greatest excitement in the newspaper offices a few weeks ago when reports began to come through from Sweden that the Royal Air Force was scattering some mysterious "leaves" in order to divert the enemy's defences during bombing raids. The leaves were said to be eight inches long by one inch wide, and to have one surface black and the other silvered. They were said to be designed to put off the enemy's radio locators or else his searchlights according to the choice of the individual correspondent. Innumerable people rang me up and asked what the leaves were and how they were employed, but my answers were, I fear, entirely unsatisfactory. For this was one of those cases wherein no comment could possibly be made whether the neutral sources were correct or not. But the stories did lead to some interesting speculation upon invention possibilities of the future.

Radiolocation has so far appeared to be one of those things for which there is no reply. The person who has full radiolocation equipment can always tell when aircraft are approaching with a good many other details about them. Yet I, personally, would hesitate to say that there is no answer. For to the ingenuity of the inventor there is no limit.

One day it is certainly to be hoped that world peace will be sufficiently stabilised for all countries to say what they know on such subjects. Advances in all the sciences depend almost as much upon free interchange of knowledge as upon anything else. And this point links up with what I was saying above about an air university.

All work for the furtherance of aviation should be published and should be available in published form to anybody who wants it. No one can doubt that aviation research has suffered since the war by the fact that most of it must be kept secret. It is impossible to avoid this handicap at the moment, but that it is a handicap should always be borne in mind.

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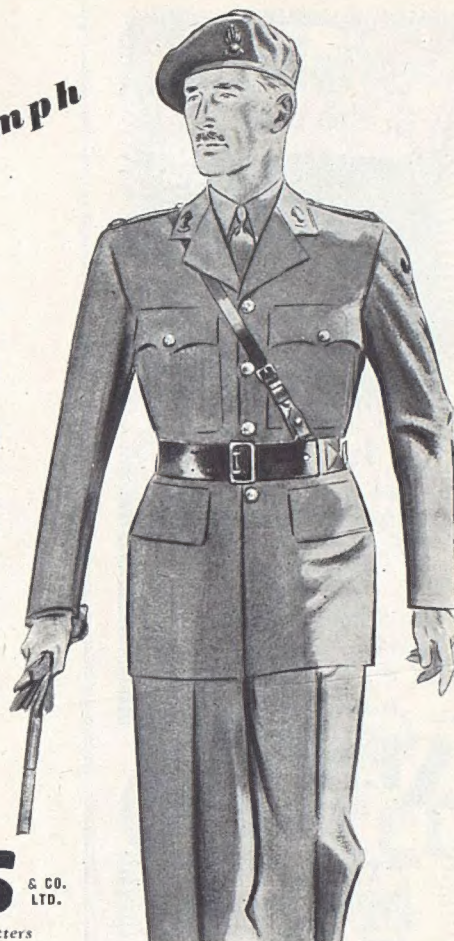
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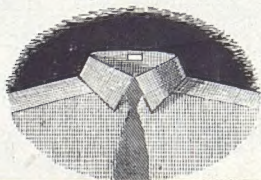
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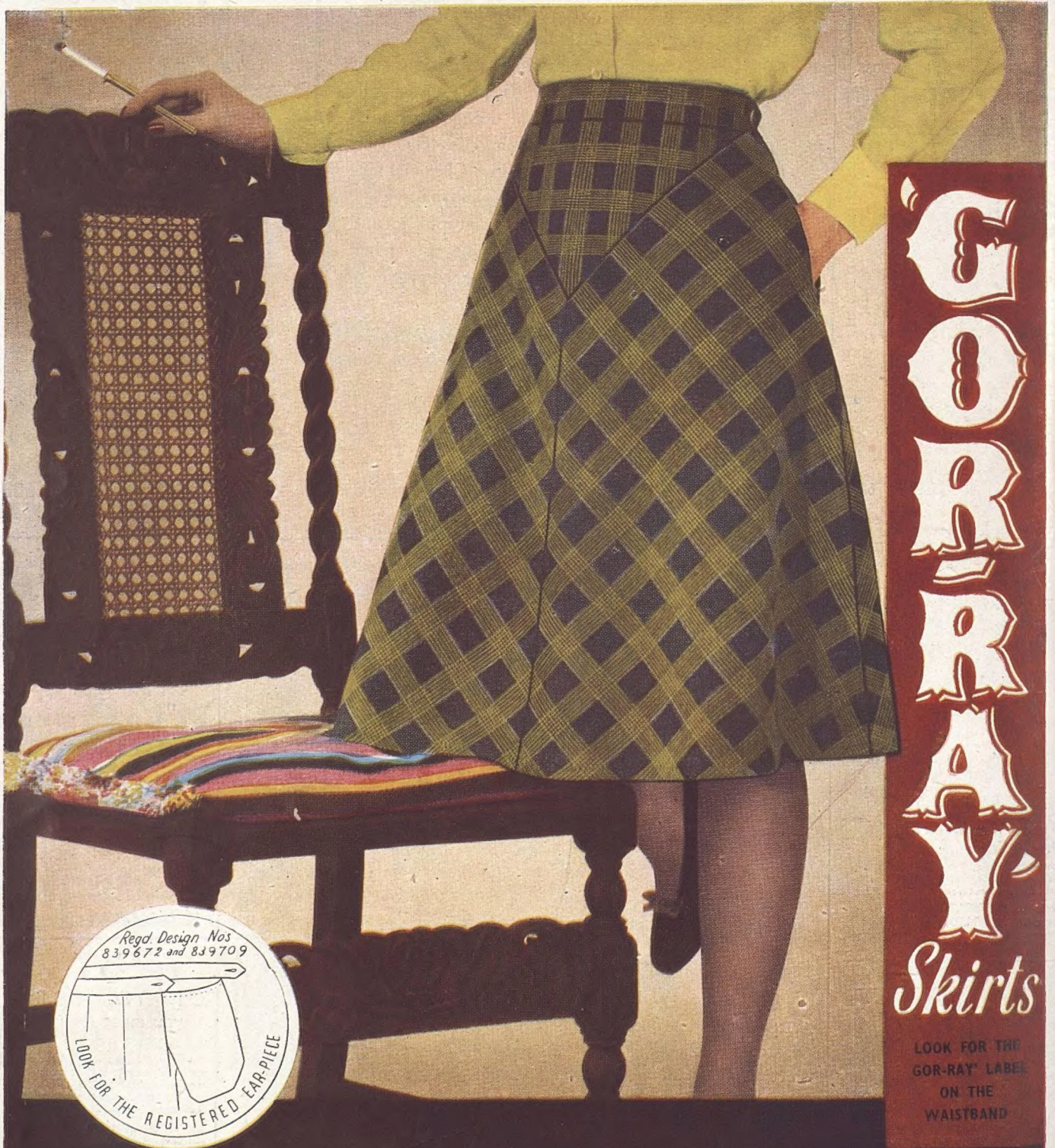
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